

Woman Invades Downtown.

She's 25,000 Strong There Now, and No Place Is Sacred to Her.

A modest and rather absent minded tenant of the Tract Society building remembered about lunch time a day or two ago that he had need of a new necktie. It was several years since he had done his own purchasing in the matter of ornamental small wear for he had acquired a wife with ideas of her own on the subject of men's attire. But this was an emergency.

He made his way down Nassau street



A THING TO BE FEARED IN THE FUTURE.

toward a long familiar haberdashery, entered, thinking of other things, and brought up, just at the right of the entrance, at the counter to which he used to go, and said:

"I wish a plain black necktie, with rather long ends, to tie in a knot."

And right there he came out of his brown study with a jolt, for a sweet voiced young man behind the glass showcase said almost before he had finished—and the young man's tone was one of great surprise:

"Right down the aisle, turn to the left and the small counter at the end."

And he who was in search of masculine wearing apparel saw that behind the young man, and hanging upon the rail above his head, in the showcase in front of him, were dainty, fluffy, lacy, something that with a girl inside each of 'em would be shirtwaiste to marvel at. There were four young women at the counter, to a pair of whom the young man was holding up one of these same confections.

And the young woman with the large brown pompadour, after looking him over in a queer sort of way as if he were in a tank at the Aquarium and she were studying a new specimen of the *Lagenorhynchus aculeus*, or American skunk porpoise, said to the other young woman with the Marcelle wave in her blond hair:

"Yes, but Mamma, I think the one with the fichu effect in baby blue hits it off best with a blonde. What do you think?" Then he wondered if he hadn't got into the wrong place by mistake. But it seemed to be the same old store, though somewhat changed in equipment.

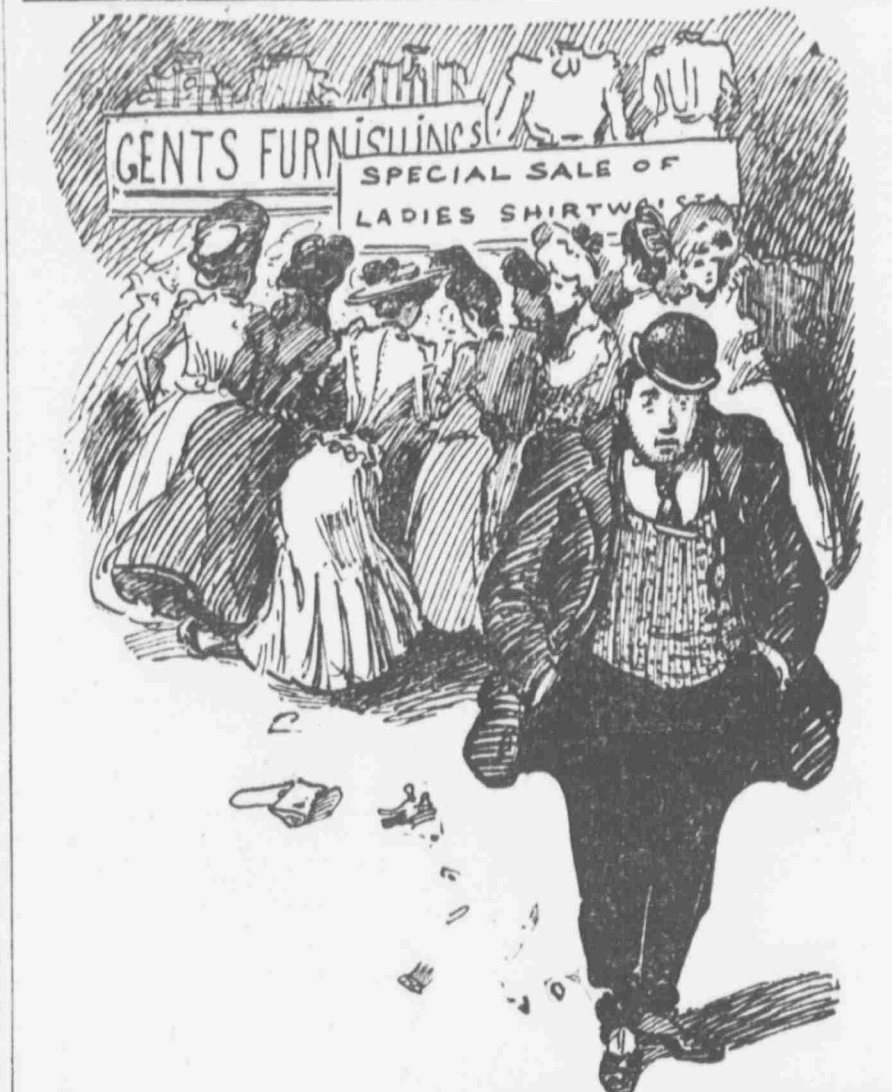
So perceiving that the sweet voiced young man behind the shirt waist counter was regarding him with suspicion he hurried down the aisle to the back, where a stony visaged woman unwillingly left the firm's books to take down certain dust covered boxes to find him what he sought. And as she wrapped up the small parcel and handed it to him with a coupon five of which would purchase an ice cream soda check at the drug store around the corner, she said:

"We have branched out recently into new departments and we do not have so much call for gents' furnishings as we once did."

As he made for the door he stumbled over a gay young thing who had stepped out into the corridor to get the light effect on a pair of new high heeled patent leathers combined with clocked hole thread. He waited patiently for a group of seven gum chewing young women absorbed in con-

templation of a line of new embroidered stocks "marked down to only 45 cents." He blushed to see displayed in full day-light articles of wearing apparel he would never have expected to see in a respectable haberdashery. He threaded his way

"Bless my soul! What has come over the place?" You would be surprised to know how many old-timers who work downtown between Wall street and the Bridge have asked the same question in the last year



Once this was a man's haberdashery—The melancholy person in the foreground sketched in the act of exclaiming "When will I get those socks!"

through a throng of attractive young women absorbed in contemplation of the windows in which women's wear had the front place and men's attire was relegated to the background. And when he was safe on the sidewalk again he remarked:

or so. The younger generation downtown is more used to it and finds such innovations as it notices not unpleasant.

But it is hard on the old fellows to find long familiar landmarks buried in an onrush of femininity; to see all the stools at the quick lunch counter occupied by women stenographers, women bookkeepers, women secretaries, and plain women clerks. The larger beer lunchrooms are still sacred to men, but there's no knowing how long that may last.

And in the other places the shopworn signs "Reserved for ladies" can't last much longer. When the present coat of paint grows a little dimmer you may expect to see in their places a few signs—a very few—"Reserved for gents."

The old stagers do wonder, when they have time, at finding that they must walk in the roadway of narrow thoroughfares like Nassau street, if they are to be polite and give the ladies a chance. There hasn't been much complaint recently about tobacco juice on the pavements thereabouts and short sighted persons have credited the improvement to the Board of Health regulations. They haven't heard the wicked words said by Fixem, the eminent corporation lawyer, and old Slim Stocks of the well known banking house of Stocks, Bonds & Bullion when each of the pair found a hunk of chewing gum adhering respectively to the hem of the smart gray trousers of the former and the side of the congress gaiters of the latter. They might have shed some enlightenment on the question of what principally exercises the jaws downtown in these days.

The old stagers know it. Downtown is changing. What is changing it is the fact that there are now 25,000 young women employed in the district, the centre of which is the corner of Broad and Wall streets, while the circumference takes in City Hall Park on the north, the upper edge of Bowling Green on the south and extends east and west to the elevated railway lines.

Russell Sage remembers when women were rare in the noonday crowd hurrying to lunch in that sacred district. The language of an expressman shouldering a

heavy strongbox who found his way blocked for the third time within fifteen yards in William street last Thursday where the Lady Stenographers' Social Club was holding conversation on the sidewalk will not bear repetition.

There's even a real woman's club in the border of the financial district now. Its green and gold door and neatly lettered windows are a source of mysterious but delicious attraction to male youth, who find it necessary to digest a hurried meal by walking past it and back again, even if they are elbowed into the roadway by the crowd around the window of the men's furnishing goods store where the sign says "Special shirt waist sale to-day; wholesale slaughter of prices between 12 and 2."

It isn't so much the abandonment of their own special stores to woman's needs, or the fact that your lunchroom finds it worth while to give a yard of ribbon instead of a strip of elevated tickets and a free newspaper with every commutation meal ticket that hurts. It is even possible to get over being unable to find a seat till those reserved tables for men are forthcoming. There are other and more serious wounds to masculinity downtown in these days.

There was a time when the barber shop was sacred to man. If there ever was a place where he felt himself safe from intrusion from the opposite sex it was there, and as he didn't look nice when lathered and tied up in a sheet he was glad of it.

Well, it began with the introduction of the manucure. At first she kept unobtrusively in a corner, where gay old boys sought her out and gave her theatre tickets. But that didn't last.

In her own—and the boss barber's—zeal for trade, she undertook in special emergencies to sit alongside the barber and do the job at the same time. When the young man had only fifteen minutes in which to get fixed up before meeting the Only Girl at the Bridge to take her to the theatre, it was convenient, and he welcomed the change.

Then the sign, "Have your nails manicured while you are being shaved. Only half a dollar," went up on the mirror, and

another girl had to come in to help the first one. The two grew confident and were not afraid to let their voices be heard.

After that her women friends began to come in to visit her. From that it was a short step to women clients.



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It's all over now in some of the barber shops. No more sacred precincts. Man's last refuge has gone. Shampoos for women and hair waving experienced women operators (special attention in the noon hour) will be the next



Even the barber shop invaded.

innovation. And then the woman barber will sweep away the industrious German and the (rugal Italian), and what the ymking will do about it only the Central Federated Trustee knows.

When she assembles in her thousands, the predominance of man, even if he pays the wages, can't last. The wealthy Mr. Stocks remarked to the eminent Col. Fixem, "be scraped the chewing gum off the leather on to the elastic of his gaiters on the elevated on that fatal afternoon when he discovered the sticky evidence of the reign of woman in Wall Street."

"Jonas, so sure as I live, since that invidious creature who spits aggressive with one 'g' began to take my letters, I expect every afternoon to have my new office boy inform me that she's doing up her hair in my private office and I can't go in till she's through. What are we going to do about it, Jonas?"

And Col. Fixem, looking down at his discolored lower garments, replied gloomily:

"Give it up, Stocks, I don't know."



CAUSE OF THE BLOCKADES IN NASSAU STREET.

Is It Graft if You Lose?

Senator Plunkitt Asks Sadly

Ex-Senator George W. Plunkitt, in a discourse delivered from his County Court House bootblack rostrum last week, reviewed the outlook for the coming municipal campaign, and, incidentally, made the announcement that George Washington Plunkitt, who has collected about a million dollars by keeping wide awake all the time, was beaten in a real estate transaction—in his own district, too.

"Some people are wonderin' why all is quiet at Tammany Hall, while the Cits and the thousand and one different kinds of leagues are holdin' meetin's and kickin' up rumpuses," the ex-Senator began. "It ain't hard to explain."

"These people have to go out and try to find or manufacture campaign material. We don't. Tammany sits right back in its chair and looks on while the Republican Legislature is makin' material for the Tammany campaign and shippin' it to Fourteenth street, all charges paid in advance."

"The latest shipment is the stock transfer and the mortgage tax bills. They're like nearly all the political bills passed at Albany, got up to take money from us to give to the farmers. The taxes we pay keep the hayseeds goin' in winter, and what we've got left we have to give up to them in summer, when we go boardin' in the country. It might come cheaper for New York city to pay the hayseeds regular pensions."

"And now about this gas investigation. It won't hurt Tammany a little bit. I guess they will discover that Mayor McClellan signed the Remsen gas bill. They can discover, too, that I voted for the bill, and would like to vote for it again."

At this point the ex-Senator told of the only real estate transaction in which he ever came out behind.

"The Remsen bill," he said, "would have taken away all the big gas tanks from my district. I was dead sure it was going to become a law last winter."

"After it was introduced I took a careful look over the whole field and found that the Legislature, the Mayor and Gov. Odell were for the bill. Then I looked over all the ramshackle buildings around the gas tanks and figured it out that this property would go up 100 per cent. in value if the tanks were fired over to Queens."

"There was a chance, and I ain't used to neglectin' chances. So I got options on \$100,000 worth of the property and paid deposits. It looked like a lead pipe cinch."

"Well, the Legislature did its duty. The Mayor did his, but Odell turned traitor at

the last moment and killed the bill. I didn't mind the money loss so much, but I had never been beaten before in a business transaction—and well, I always hated treachery."

"What did you do about the property on which you had options?" was asked. "Just let them keep my deposits and drew out," replied Plunkitt gloomily. "The property's gone down instead of up since then because it looks as if the tanks had settled down for good."

"I suppose," said the ex-Senator in conclusion, "that my part in that transaction would have been called graft if it had turned out all right. What I want to know is, what do you call it when I got the hinky-dink and lost a lot of hard earned money?"

MORE IRISH OR GERMAN?

A Question on Which the Vital Statistics Contradict the Census.

One controversy which has been going on for many years is as to whether there are more Irish than German or more German than Irish residents of New York. The answer might seem easy to obtain from official statistics. Yet on this matter the vital statistics of each year disprove the census reports.

In 1900, for instance, the figures given by the census were as follows: German population of the Greater New York, 322,343, and Irish population of the Greater New York, 275,172. This indicates a clear majority of German residents. But of 70,000 deaths reported in the same year 6,000 were of Germans and 7,000 of Irish.

With the German population largely in excess of the Irish population here, the number of deaths of those German born should be, of course, correspondingly larger. It is not, and never has been, and this appears to be the starting point of the long controversy.

In their own country the Irish are longer lived people than the Germans and, moreover, the death rate in Ireland is considerably less than it is in Germany. In 1900 it was 22 per thousand of population in Germany and 19 in Ireland. The Board of Health, given in detail, the number of deaths of Irish born residents of New York was larger than the number of deaths among German residents was higher in Queens, and in the Bronx it was exactly the same, though the census reports give the number of German born residents in the Bronx as being very much larger than the number of Irish.

Bulldogs Mothered by a Cat:

A Brooklyn Woman's Happy Family

Mignon and Richelieu II, two French bull pups, have been mothered by a cat since they were one week old. At seven months they have each taken a prize in the recent Long Island Kennel Club show and have begun a career of medal hunting at exhibitions. Yet with all the glory they are gaining in public they pine for the society of their foster mother, Lady Gray.

When after their first absence of four days they reached home they found her waiting at the door of 402 East Eighth street, Brooklyn, to welcome them. The way she purred and rubbed noses with her dog children while they jumped around her yelping with delight showed the affection existing

When Mignon and her brother were a week old their mother, Nettie, died. Her death left Mrs. Samuel Fahnstock, who owned the dogs, in a serious predicament. She had heard of raising the dogs on the bottle, but she feared to make the experiment with her valuable pets.

So she went to the dog pound and tried to get a stray dog to raise the little ones. But there was no dog to be had at the pound, and at the suggestion of the pound master she took home Lady Gray and Lady Gray's one kitten, Bill Gray, to act as nurse to the pups.

Since that day the four have been inseparable. They eat, sleep and play together



RICHELIEU. LADY GREY. BILL GRAY. MIGNON.

between them.

Little Mignon and her brother Richelieu II. have no recollection of their dog mother, and they loyally protect their foster mother when ignorant dogs on the street bark at her. Lady Gray walking contentedly between her two big foster children feels herself perfectly safe from harm and doesn't even raise a hair at saucy barking dogs. More than once she has seen Richelieu bristling all over at an insult offered her through the gate of her home and he has occasionally given an offending dog a good shaking.

and the dogs are more attached to Lady Gray than even her own son, Bill. Often when the four lie sleeping together the proud mother gets up and walks around the group with a satisfied light in her big green eyes, and swishes her tail as if to say:

"How many cats can boast such a family?" Despite the training of their cat mother the dogs are every inch dogs, with the exception of one accomplishment. That is that they do not know the delight of burying bones and digging them up again.

Bringing Up a Child in the

Way He Should Go

"Willie Smith, what do you say when a gentleman calls to see your father? No, you do not say: 'What yer starin' at?' We'll talk further about this when we are alone."

"You see, Mr. Dropin, I do not believe in rebuking and punishing a child in the presence of strangers. It ruins their spirit and crushes out their individuality. It is far better, and it is my method, to allow their transgression to trouble their conscience and then later to chide them."

"Drop that hat, Willie Smith. Drop it, I say! Did I tell you to drop it on the floor and kick it?"

"Whatever in the world is the matter with that boy to-day? I cannot understand it. Usually he is as quiet as can be and he recites 'The Polish Boy' through from beginning to end."

"When Mr. Martier was here last Sunday he recited it through seven times.—Willie Smith, what if he was so pleased he gave you 10 cents to go right out and buy soda? You must not say such things. I have told you over and over and over again not to act that way."

"Do not stand on your head! I'll shake the daylight out of you in a minute if you do that again."

"Please don't interfere, John. I am perfectly competent to bring my offspring up in the way he should go."

"No, he should not be brought up by the ear or with a round turn. I do not believe in such brutal forces. It makes a child callous. There, you have made the little darling cry. Never mind, dear, never mind, mummer won't let papa drag him all around the room by the ear."

"I said a moment ago, Willie Smith, that you must not look in the gentleman's overcoat pocket. You see me looking through papa's pockets? Now, Willie Smith, you know perfectly well that I do it only to get the solid handkerchiefs because he is so careless about such things; and it would be a sad state of affairs if he did not have me to look after him."

"Now, Mr. Dropin, my theories of child education are well defined. I take a special interest in acquainting myself with child psychology. Gentleness, combined with firmness, consistency, intelligence and moderation can accomplish wonders. It is this which has made Willie Smith such a gem."

"Willie Smith! I positively forbid you to ask people for money. You know my views on the subject. You must forgive him this time, Mr. Dropin, for you see it was this way: The other day a gentleman was here and before I could prevent it Willie asked him for a penny. I scolded him thoroughly, but the gentleman only laughed in the easiest and politest manner imaginable and gave him half a dollar. Since then he thinks that every one who is a gentleman—"

"You shouldn't give him money, really

you shouldn't. Mr. Dropin. Of course I fear it would do harm to interfere now and prevent the realization of his anticipations. However, he cannot go out and spend it today."

"No, you cannot. Willie Smith, I say you cannot. John, did you see? That boy has deliberately walked out, out through the door, with 50 cents, and he will spend it with those ill-mannered Prossit children on the ground floor. You know my views on his associating with them."

"I'm very sorry, Mr. Dropin, that you should have seen Willie under such unfavorable circumstances. But really you must admit that he is such a sweet, refined and winsome child that one can refuse him anything. I cannot, though I always am firm with him and make him understand that what I say I mean."

"Just come to the window and see him with the other little boys over in Schildwacher's candy store. Now, that is what I call a perfect picture of childish innocence, grace, refinement and happy, happy content."

Jeweller's "Diamond Tree"

From the Chicago Chronicle. "I haven't a diamond tree," said the jeweller. "Smith, over the way there, has one, though. At least, so I've been told."

"What is a diamond tree?" "It is a tree where diamonds grow, of course."

"No, seriously. What is it?" The jeweller smiled.

"Well, he said, 'a diamond tree is a swindle, a very profitable swindle, and one that can be carried on forever with mighty little risk of detection.' I'll explain it to you."

"I am a jeweller and you bring me a diamond ring for repairs. I take the diamond out of your ring and I put back in its place a smaller, but a similar diamond. I get rid of the same day a brooch is brought to me and since the central stone of the brooch is a little larger than your diamond, I get rid of yours and keep the bigger gem. In this way, four or five times in one day, I make diamond exchanges, keeping always a better stone than I part with."

"In good diamonds, trees diamonds as small as pinheads have been known to grow to the size of peas in two days. A good tree, too, won't have only one diamond growing on it at a time. A dozen stones or more will be simultaneously increasing in size and value as the days pass."

Compulsory Ringes in Sind.

From the Sind Gazette.

Much stress is laid by those desirous of reforming marriage expenses in Sind upon the abolition of the ivory bangles.

A set of these bangles, which is the first of the articles of jewelry which must be provided by the father of the bride, costs from 25 to 50, according to whether the bangles are ivory only or inlaid with gold. The bangles are fragile and easily broken, and moreover become quickly discolored, when they have to be discarded and new ones provided.

A Message From the Dead:

But in a Dead Language

The gloomy looking man walked slowly up the dingy flight of stairs that led to the abode of the Manhattan successors of the oracle at Delphos. He was immediately ushered into a darkened apartment fitted with Oriental draperies and was greeted solemnly by a seeress in white samite.

"What would you of the mystic beyond?" she asked.

"Well," said the man, "I'll give you \$10 if you call up the spirit of my deceased wife, Maria."

"Have you the money? Yes, thank you, you may place it here. You know," went on the medium apologetically, "I wish to have filthy lucre and all sordid mundane things off my mind before I plunge into the world of shades."

"Trich medium mumbled, with wide staring eyes, while the two able-bodied stage assistants waved phosphorescent draperies with telling effect."

"Ah," drowned the medium, "I see Maria, beautiful and happy. She points to you and smiles."

"All right," said the business man in a businesslike tone of voice. "Now ask Maria what is the combination of the safe in my store. When she died the secret numbers of the combination died with her, and I can't open the blame thing."

"But," faltered the seeress, "perhaps she's forgotten the combination in the abode of bliss."

"Not on your life," said the man. "Maria had a good memory, and she'll tell the combination all right. Just ask her."

"Maria will tell you the combination—listen. 'She says: "Hocus pocus nil desperandum veni vidi vici alio semper tyrannus!"'"

THE SIX HATS OF MAN.

And the Hat Box That Is Made to Carry Them All Together.

The latest thing in the way of hat boxes for men is one made to carry six hats. These include a silk hat, an opera hat, a derby, a soft hat, a straw hat and a soft roll-up hat for travel.

There is besides plenty of room in the hat box for a cap, also, if it is desired to carry one. The box is provided, furthermore, with two hat brushes, one of the narrow sort to work under the derby's brim, and one of the ordinary kind. There is also a polishing pad for the silk hat.

With such a hat box completely filled with all the hats it is designed to contain, the owner is equipped for any occasion, at any season, in any part of the world.

This hat box is square in shape, made of sole leather and sells for \$25.